

CARDAN

HIS

THREE BOOKS

OF

CONSOLATION

English'd.

Of great Use in these Times

LONDON:

Printed for B. Aylmer, at the
Three Pigeons, and S. Croucher,
at the Princes Arms, against the
Royal Exchange. 1683.

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THE BOOKS

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TO THE
READER.

YOU have here an *Antidote* against every *Trouble*, prescribed by that *Physitian*, whose prodigious *Parts*, and singular *Fancies*, have made him *Admir'd* and *Envy'd* by most of the *Learned World*. He had ('tis true) his *Deliriums* in common with all great *Wits* ; but his *lucid intervals* were such, as made him pass in the *Opinions* of some, that read his *Works*, for more than a *Man*.

What he says here, is the more to be valued, because himself (as he tells us in the 3d. Chapter of his 2d. Book) has been in misery : and found the Comfort of those Considerations which he offers to others. In a word, I am much deceived, if this Book takes not with thee, whatsoever thou art that readest it, and whatsoever thy Condition may be. Art thou pressed with Poverty, here is that will render it not only a supportable, but a joyful thing. Do's the loss of Relations, want of Health or Liberty, grieve thee ? behold here such proper Considerations, as will certainly abate the sharpness of those Afflictions.



CARDAN'S

Three Books of

CONSOLATION.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*Good Discourses a necessary remedy
against all misfortunes. Opinion
makes many things good or evil.*

I. **W**Hat pity is it, that
Tully's Books of Con-
solation, which he wrote at the
death of his Daughter, escaped

B

not

not the fate of those other Ancient Monuments, which perished in the *Barbarian Wars*. For as he shewed himself a most excellent Philosopher in all his Writings, so 'tis not to be imagined, but that on this occasion, he out-did whatever he had done before : seeing the Subject he Handled was neither Common, Foreign, nor Feigned ; but sprang from his own Natural Affection, and great trouble of mind.

II. Now although we want this useful Book, to furnish us with those excellent Arguments, which (without doubt) he made use of to quiet his own mind. Yet shall not this discourage us (considering our need) from offering the best we can devise :

as those who cannot get stately Pallaces to dwell in, must be contented with simple Cottages.

III. And the necessity of such Discourses as these appears hence ; That supposing our selves free from all other vexations, yet will the remembrance and dread of Death, sour all our present enjoyments.

IV. But besides the fear of death, how many other troubles are there against which we had need be fortified ? Our Hunger is satisfied with Meat, our Thirst with Drink, our Weariness with Rest : But the fear of evils (whether real or imaginary) is so rooted and fruitful in our minds, that unless it be obviated by wise considerations, tis impossible to

keep them serene, and undisturbed; seeing it leads us from one discontented thought to another without end.

V. I know not what benefit others may reap by this my labour, as to my self, (for whom I chiefly designed this Book) the considerations contained therein, have abundantly profited me. And as t'was said of *Asclepiodorus*, that he could paint without colours; so shall I without any Art or Skill declare, how greatly we err both in our Opinions and Wills.

VI. Now although the number of our cares and miseries be great, yet if nearly considered, we shall find several of them to be such as need no Medicine; as
those

those which men voluntarily undergo: For who will attempt to comfort *Marcus Regulus* in his sufferings; whom neither Natural Affection to his Children, and Relations, nor the intreaties of his Friends, could persuade from hastening out of *Rome*, to be tormented at *Carthage*. Such undaunted Spirits were the Holy Martyrs, *St. Paul*, *St. Stephen*, &c.

VII. But there are other kind of hardships, which the most delicate do not refuse, for the sake of Honour, Pleasure, or Profit: Some serve Kings, others their Mistresses; one man consumes his time and himself with Study; another commits himself to the mercylefs Sea, and are so

little troubled at these toyls, that it grieves them to be withheld from engaging in them. Some led on only by hope, spend their days in solitary places ; refusing all the comforts and conveniences of this life ; Macerating themselves with Fastings, and Watchings, who being asked for what end they do this, reply, for hope, that after death, they shall receive an everlasting recompence. Some take great pains meerly for Pleasrre , as *Harvest Labourers* , who after long Toyl and Sweat in Summers Sun, do notwithstanding Dance when the Pipe or Viol Sounds. Others sit at play till their Feet ake with Cold ; the pleasure of the sport exceeding the sharpness of the pain,

Chap. I. Of Consolation. 7

To begin with private Evils, we may take this for a certain truth, that it matters not to happy living, what a mans Fortune be; seeing there is no condition of life, but admits the exercise of some vertue; and *what wise man will torment himself in adversity; considering how vain, short and uncertain the Life of Man is.*

X. In what a kind of uncertainty do we live, when a man rises from his Bed in the Morning, to be uncertain of his return to Rest again: or when he lies down to sleep, whether ever he shall rise. Well do the *Spaniards* in their Language call man a shadow, for in truth he is no more, his body being so frail

and brittle, and exposed to so many dangers, that nothing is more to be admired, than that it should usually subsist so long.

I allow those Philosophers to be in the right, who made all things consist in Opinion. For what Custom, Law, or Sentiment has so far prevailed, as never to meet with contradiction.

The Philosophers had never contended so long among themselves, had the matter of their debates been evident and certain. For what man is so mad as to affirm the Swan to be Black, or the Crow white, seeing the matter here is to be decided by common sense.

But touching what is Good and
Evil

Evil (Good Lord) what Disputes have arose, what wranglings and oppositions? Which makes me remember a pleasant story written by an Ancient Poet, that excellently well sets forth our Folly.

XII. When mighty *Jupiter* had made the Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, Men, and Beasts, he soberly considered, that unless he allotted Punishments and Rewards for mens Deserts, they would be not only guilty of great irregularities towards one another, but Affront the Gods themselves; for which cause he commanded *Vulcan* to make two brazen Tuns, the one to receive all that was good, the other whatsoever was evil, making both good and evil things wing'd, that Mortals might
more

more conveniently receive them according to their Deserts. But the Goddess *Pandora* a busie hufwife, mov'd with that restless curiosity which is common to all the Sex, must needs be peeping in 'em, when immediately both the good and evil flew their ways, the good up to Heaven, the Evil down to Hell, hope only remaining in the Vessel of evils, and suspicion in the other. Which news when *Jupiter* heard, he takes the empty Barrels and in a mad raging fit, throws 'em down ; which being perceiv'd by mortal men, who are desirous (as you know) of News, they immediately draw near ; and embrace the empty Vessels ; persuading themselves they had gotten both good and evil ;

I. Chap. I. *Of Consolation.* 11

evil ; whereas in truth neither good nor evil happen'd to either of them ; only they that light on the better Vessel, found themselves possess'd with an opinion of good mixt with suspicion ; and the other with opinion of evil mixt with hope.

XIII. Like to what Travellers tell us touching such as pass over the Desarts of *Arabia*, who chancing to tread upon some piece of Iron, or other cold thing, are suddenly startled with fear, least they have trodden on some venomous Serpent ; so does the bare opinion of good and evil perplex all mortal Creatures : altho' 'tis certain all good things are flown up into Heaven, and all evil down into Hell. And therefore

therefore ever since the great *Jupiter* has taken no notice of mens deserts.

Now altho' this be but a fiction, yet does it give as satisfactory an account, as the definitions of Philosophers or School-men.

CHAP. II.

Afflictions advantageous. Grief unprofitable. The mischiefs of conceitedness and self-love.

AS all earthly joys are vain and unstable, so in the World to come all things are certain, assured and everlasting, unto which Almighty God calls us by the sufferance of these Afflictions

ctions which we term Evils, according to that of the Prophet, *Because thou wert beloved of God it was expedient that Temptation should try thee.* For Almighty God not unlike a Father that entirely loves his Children, brings them up in all continency and sobriety, restraining them from pleasures and not suffering them without chastisement, to live wickedly. And on the contrary, such as he lightly esteemeth, he suffers to wallow without controul, into all manner of luxury and riot. Shall we say the life of such Servants is more happy than that of those Sons. For as Gold is purified in the furnace, so is the life of a good man purged by adversity. But what signify

nify all the sufferings of this World (as *St. Paul* says) if compared to the glory which shall be revealed. Will not he that believes this rejoyce in adversity and lament in prosperity? and amidst his miseries persuade himself, that God makes trial of his faith, that he may afterwards take him to himself. If in getting worldly glory we usually so greatly rejoyce, altho we know it to be of short continuance, what ought we not to do for this Heavenly glory, which is everlasting, certain, and fully satisfactory. Did men believe these things, they would save me the labour of writing, for who so mad as not to be willing to change this short life, for that which is
Everlasting,

Everlasting, this frail for that firm, this unhappy for that most happy, this troublesom for that most quiet.

'Tis our infidelity that makes us miserable: For what can be more profitable after death, or more comfortable in this life, than the hope of that which is to come. And tho' the same were not, yet ought not a man to be dejected, seeing there's scarcely any misery so great but is attended with some advantage. And as adversity and misfortunes have been to some men a means of their promotion, so has Prosperity been to others an occasion of their misery. The servitude of *Ventidius* occasion'd his becoming Consul.

What's

What's more irksom than Sickness ; Yet did it profit the Emperor *Augustus* being in Arms against *Brutus*. For being warn'd by his Physician to remove from his Tent, he by Sleep recover'd his health, which had he done for any other respect, 'twould have been dishonorable: And had he not done it, he had certainly bin slain or forced to fly. *Plotinus* a Philosopher of *Plato's* sect, had among others a Scholar named *Ornucius Marcellus* greatly diseased with the Gout and Palfey ; who thro' diligent hearing of his Master (who disputed and read with great sweetness and facility,) forgot oft times to eat : and so with attentive hearing became a singular Philosopher, and

and with much abstinence recover'd his health. A Distemper'd Body do's oft-times much conduce to the health of the mind.

II. It is observ'd that Sickly people for the most part live longer than those of a firmer constitution.

Pope *Paul* the 3d. tho' he was a learn'd Man and not unlike to attain to the Papacy, yet did the opinion of his Old age and sickly body, chiefly occasion his advancement. Amongst other advantages which Adversity has, this is not the least, that, a Man's misfortunate day's once past, he liveth the rest of his life with greater delight. Who can relish health, that has never been sick? Who knows the sweetness of his Country, so well as he that has

C been

been long abroad? Or *who can take pleasure in Riches but he that has been poor?* As Salt favours Meat, so do's past misery render our lives more pleasant. What turn'd more to *Tully's* advantage than his Banishment, when his Goods were sold, and his House pull'd down, then he found how welcom he was to the Citizens, how useful to his Country, and how dear to his Friends: and had he modestly used his Glory, nothing that hapned to him in his life could have been more to his advantage. Howsoever, In all misfortunes of a Man's life this argument is of great importance, *that we must of necessity comfort our selves at last.*

III. Neither do's sorrow serve for any other end, than to encrease care, and render our minds more unapt for good counsel. Continual grief and weeping will drive us at length upon desperation. Since then 'tis in our own power to aggravate or diminish our cares, 'tis the part of a wise man to disburden himself of sorrow and patiently bear whatsoever happens.

IV. An undaunted suffering of Adversity has oft helped gallant spirits. For we generally soonest take pity of those that courageously undergo any misfortune, and presume more of their innocency and vertue, than of those that in like extremity give way to fear. Agis the Lacede-

monian King, being condemned to dye, was drawn with a Cord to the place of execution; it happed he spyed a Servant of his standing by weeping, to whom he saies; my Friend, pri-
 thee forbear weeping, for being unjustly condemn'd, I am be-
 come more worthy of life, than those that put me to death. And
 having thus said, he willingly strangled himself. When *Se-
 vala* determin'd to kill the King *Porfenna*, he for his valiant and
 voluntary confession receiv'd par-
 don; which if he had not done,
 but with denial craved Mercy,
 besides dishonor, he would have
 suffered a most cruel death. In
 short, patience in Captivity, and
 magnanimity in Adversity have
 ever

ever been prais'd and found to be most advantageous.

VI. It is a guilty Conscience that makes a man unhappy. A man is nothing but his mind, if that be out of order, all's amiss, and if that be well, all the rest is at ease.

I remember a certain Rich man, falling mad, snatched up a Straw and complain'd he should dye for hunger, because there was no Corn within the empty Bars. *Would we know why we are Fools,* 'tis because we count our selves wise. Socrates who by Apollo's Oracle was said to be the wisest of all Mortals, confessed he knew but one thing, and that was he knew nothing. *Ptolemy* that famous Astronomer, was

wont to say that man who pleased himself was hateful to the gods.

- And he pleaseth himself that imagines himself wise or provident, and imputeth all to his own wisdom and conduct.
-

CH A P. III.

Men pull down Evils on themselves.

Pleasure ever attended with pain. No condition of life free from trouble. Kings more miserable than other men.

SOME men there be who may be compared to the Gudgeon, that knows under the Bait lies a Hook, yet hurry'd and driven

on by lust, run themselves into infinite misery. 'Tis said of that Fish that she first craftily (and yet foolishly enough) with her Tail beats the Bait from the Hook, but if that will not do, bites it. Whereas we more senseless run on without either fear or wit.

III. Perhaps thou wilt say I would have Pleasure without Pain: 'Tis contrary to nature, for Joy is continually attended by Sorrow, Glory with Envy; Wisdom is not gotten without labour, Wealth is not obtain'd without care, Children are kept with trouble, Banquetting is attended by Sicknes, Ease with poverty, Power with envy, Quiet with weariness. Every

man has something to complain of. Some be afflicted with Poverty, others want Children, this man is Sick, that man wants a Wife, and this man would be rid of his. But that which is most strange is, that to be happy and liable to no misfortune, is also a calamity. 'Tis said of *Polycrates* that having never met with any calamity, he greatly desired to experience some mishap, and therefore threw into the Sea a Ring of great value, on purpose to have cause to complain. But Fortune it seems having sworn his happiness, restored it again in a Fish.

IV. But lest I be thought to argue with Fables. Pray what pleasure do Princes receive at their

Chap. III. Of Consolation. 25

their Meals, when continual eating of Delicacies, has taken away their Taste. 'Tis Coarse and Homely Fare that makes Finer Meats Relish.

Or how can he be happy that never felt Grief. This is certain, that without Adversity a man cannot Live comfortably, nor take delight in Mirth without some Sorrow. And is it not a comfort in our Calamity to have not only one Man for a Companion, but all Mankind. What's more seemly than a Common-wealth well Govern'd: yet what's more hard than to Live in it. The Romans by their Severity to themselves Conquer'd the whole World. But what is more Slavish than living under such Laws, when
Men

Men are constrained to Marry, Labour with their own Hands, Educate Children, and follow the Wars : The bringing up of Children (especially many) to a poor man, seems to surpass all Sorrows. What is more Dangerous and Laborious than War, wherein Men toyl Night and Day, sleeping in Winters Snow, and marching in Summers Sun, Watching continually, climbing Mountains, and sayling the Seas, afflicted with hunger and thirst, and reduced to those Extremities as to kill or be killed. So that it is no wonder to see how willingly Soldiers behold the displayed Ensigns, and receive the News of Battel, seeing they shall by a happy Victory be either eased of their

their travail, or by death terminate a painful Life. The *Lacedemonians* lived so hardly at home, that it never grieved them to serve abroad in the Wars.

Neither be Kings (whom Men respect as Happy) exempt from Common Calamities, but rather more Unfortunate than other Men. 'Tis observable that Poets have ever laid the Scenes of Tragedies in Kings Pallaces, and on the contrary, Comedies and pleasant Entertainments in private Houses. Princes Pallaces are continually inhabited by such foul Monsters as Envy, Hatred, Lust, and Oppression. Even the Princes mind is the seat of all these, whereby he is never suffered to sleep quietly by Night, nor rest

rest by day. Sometimes the thoughts of his gross Enormities terrifie his mind, otherwhiles his quiet is disturbed with Jealousies and Suspitions, studying Day and Night to weaken the force of Neighbouring Princes, and keep himself secure from his own Subjects Encroachments. *Supposing, in short, a Prince never so Just and Prudent, yet is it almost impossible for him to be void of Cares and Fears.* Seeing then all mortal men be subject to some kind of vexation, who art thou that seekest to live free from that Law to which all others are subject? *Why dost thou not complain, that thou art not made immortal, winged, and King of the whole world, and free from all misfortunes.*

VI. Tis storyed of the Hares that considering how they were persecuted they became desperate, and resolved to drown themselves in the next River; for which cause being one morning assembled, on they went to effect their determination; The Frogs that happened to be upon the bank hearing a noise, for fear leapt into the water: which when the Hares heard, and finding it was for fear of them, they changed their minds: because the Frogs more unhappy than they yet sought to preserve their Lives. Truly the Adversity of others, never made my Misfortunes seem the less: But the unavoidableness of Troubles, to which all naturally are subject, has much mitigated

gated my private Grievs. For who but a mad man will lament that which cannot be helped. A wise man considering the course of sublunary things, will expect any kind of mishap, and be prepared against the worst.

CHAP. IV.

Time a certain Remedy of all Troubles. Death makes all equal.

IT IS also to be remembred, that Time is a medicine for all manner of Troubles. Who grieves for his Grandmother, that dyed fourscore years ago? or Goods lost thirty years since. Such is the nature of time, that first it lessens

lessens our extream sorrow or joy,
 Secondly, wears out our Affec-
 tions, and lastly, works in us for-
 getfulness of what is past. *Why*
~~cannot we then have that influence~~
~~over our selves, by which we may~~
~~effect a speedy cure.~~ A great argu-
 ment it is of wisdom to bear
 that with patience immediately,
 which others cannot do till a great
 deal of time be past. Set we be-
 fore us the Examples of several
 worthy men, that have patient-
 ly undergone the utmost of
 Fortunes Malice. Be modest in
 prosperity as well as in Adversity.
 And pluck up a good heart, per-
 suading our selves that our un-
 happy days be past, and better
 times will succeed. Make not
 thy Life a burden to thee, who-
 soever

soever thou art that has light in
to this Valley of Tears. Con-
sider *the Life of man compared*
with Eternity is less than nothing.
That the whole World will pass
away and thou with it, and never
after return again: so that it mat-
ters not what thy present Circum-
stances may be.

II. What will it avail thee 300
years hence, whether thou hast
been an Emperour, or a Cöbler?
Whether thou hast been *Lucullus*
or *Iris*, *Xenophon* or *Cleon*, a Slave
or a Free-man, happy or un-
happy. Whether thou hast dyed
in thy Bed or at the Gallows.
How does this our time pass away,
how speedily, how forcibly? What
a good fancy was that of him
that cut in one Stone three Faces,

a Childs, a young mans and an old mans, admitting as it were no difference. *Imagine that now which will really happen; the transition of time, and thou shalt find all things, nothing.*

We ought to behave our selves like men in Prison that are in hopes of deliverance, who altho attended with weariness at present, yet (especially if men of courage) yield not themselves up to Grief.

III. Seeing then we all expect equality in death, the rich may be sorrowful but not the poor. Were it now proclaimed as 'twas in the times of *Lycurgus*, that all Goods should be Equally divided, which would be most troubled? Forasmuch then as those that be

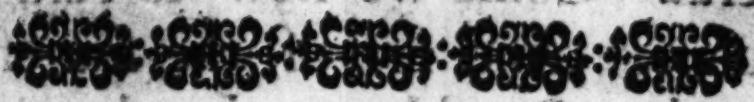
D rich

rich must one day be poor, and they that be poor one day rich, be thou contented.

IV. Our folly hinders us from setting a due estimate on things: It makes Pygmies become Giants, hides our happiness from us, and makes us afraid of our own shadows. If there be any thing to be fear'd or desir'd in this life 'tis moral Good or evil, a guilty, or a quiet Conscience.

Beque He ow not? III. Seeing then we all expect immortality in death, the rich may be sorrowful but not the poor.

Here it now proclaimed as 'twas the times of young, that all goods should be equally divided, which would be most troubled & divided from his now which much more so that that
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CARDAN

OF

CONSOLATION.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

*The folly of our unwillingness to dye.
And vanity of such as are solici-
tious about their Funerals. Mi-
sery of Old Age.*

Hitherto we have dis-
cours'd of Human Ca-
lamities and their remedies in ge-
neral.

neral. Come we now to Particulars. And first of the fear of death. Consider, what happiness thou hast found in life, to make thee so much in love with it. Dost thou alone possess any delight which we have not experienced. We have seen the Stars, the Heavens, Mountains, Seas, Rivers, Lakes, Fields, Gardens, Cities and pleasant Villages, had Musick, Songs, Banquets, Love intrigues and Dalliances, with all sorts of earthly delights, nor have we wanted Learning to judg, dispute, make Verses and Orations; born Offices, and acquitted our selves honorably of them, satisfied the necessities of our Children, Friends and Kindred, and lived together with them

them in good reputation; wanting neither Food nor Rayment, and abounded in all the conveniences of this life: and yet cannot but unfeignedly say with Solomon. *Vanity of vanity, and all is vanity.*

II. As to other mens experience; let them speak for themselves, as to my own part, I have felt more Grief than Pleasure in this World. Seeing then this love of life availeth nothing, nay tho it were desirable, tis better to cast off this burthen of Cares and like an honest man restore that which thou hast borrowed. Whereas if thou torment thy self, what dost thou get thereby, but to consume in dying that small time which is

remaining ; seeing whatsoever time is spent in thinking of death , may justly be so called. I am much taken with the saying of *Agathius* , who tells us that Death does not only remove sickness, and all other vexations ; but whereas these happen often, that comes but once. Neither can Death be accounted a great Evil, seeing it comes upon so light occasions, and is so ready at hand. Such things as are hurtful to our natures are not common and soon found, whereas there's nothing more common or sooner found than death. Death is to be met with every where, and in all things, in Fire and Water, Air, Wind, Thunder, Earth-quakes, wild Beasts, Fishes

fishes and Fowls, in Meat and Drink, Bed, Trees, Sleep, Sorrow, Joy, Laughter, Company, Discord, Concord, and finally, in all Circumstances. *Philomenes* seeing his Ass eat Raisins, bid his Boy give him some Wine to drink, and fell into such a fit of laughter, that he kill'd himself. *Coma* being apprehended and examined for Robbery by *Rutilus* the Consul, required time to make his defence, and putting down his Head between his Knees, he stopped his own breath, and died so quietly that his Guard knew nothing of it till they saw him dead.

3. Seeing then men die with such ease, what can Death be better compared to than a Dream.

Socrates dyed with a Jest in his month. Do we think then that he felt any great grief? Certainly no; for men cannot jest in extreme pain, the mind being taken up with far greater matters. This is also be to admir'd, that men should with the greatest aversation dread Death, and yet earnestly use those means that bring it. The lustful person, preferreth his pleasure before it, the injur'd his revenge, the Eater his gluttony, the Ambitious his honor, the Covetous his riches, the Soldier his spoyl, the Mother her children, the Merchant his traffick, and the Student his learning. They are to be esteemed most valiant, that scorn to dye unless a weighty cause requires it.

IV. Some perhaps be of *Æpi-*
carnus his mind, *Dye* says be I
 would not, but to be dead I care
 not: Pray what hurt is it to want,
 hunger, thirst, grief, labour, sad-
 ness, fear, and in short all those
 Evils in general which the Soul
 must of necessity want being par-
 ted from the Body; and seeing
 it dies not, but in lieu of these
 troubles partakes of heavenly
 joys: why should we not willing-
 ly accept of this change. It was
 the saying of *Socrates* that Death
 may be fitly compared to a sound
 sleep.

V. I remember my Father
Faucius Cardan was wont to say
 he continually desired death, be-
 cause when he slept he tasted the
 pleasures of it; meaning, I sup-
 pose,

pose, that all sensual delights contain more pain than pleasure, and therefore it was better being without 'em. *Diogenes* being sick, and found by his Physician asleep, was asked how he did, well, answered he, for one Brother envyeth another. *Cosmas Medices* (a wise and vertuous man in our times) being at the point of death, closed his own eyes, which his Wife seeing, demanded the reason; I do it says he, because it is customary. *Socrates* being by *Crito* perswaded to escape out of Prison, as well for his Friends sake as his own, refused to do it, answering wisely; I am going into those parts, where I shall certainly find as good, or perhaps better friends than those

I leave

I leave behind. And you will also bear me company in a short space. In fine, Death doth certainly take away more Evils than it bringeth. If Death be an Evil, to be dead is to escape it, but if it be a Good, thou hast no cause to lament. That it is one of these no man doubts.

VI. I remember that being much afflicted with a Tertian Ague, the seventh Fit of it laid me for dead. In which time altho' every Member was almost deprived of its use, yet felt I nothing worse than a certain kind of tickling throughout my whole body accompanied with no small pleasure. Possessed I was indeed with fear I should dye. Which made me enquire of others who had

had been at the point of death, whether they felt any great smart or not, who told me that in the Head or Tooth-ach, or such like distemper they endured greater pain. I have observed that altho' Women and Children be most fearful to take Medicines, and yield to cutting of Veins, yet when at the point of death, they neither complain nor lament, but are rather offended if we seek to preserve their lives.

VII. What is our life, but a continual toyl, perpetually attended with Labour, Suspicions, and Dangers. *What delight is there that is not followed by Repentance?* Thou art revenged, then look to thy self; Hast thou eaten thy fill, then Satiety will offend

offend thee? Hast thou lightly
 lined, then thy appetite is not
 satisfied. Dost thou give way
 to Lust, expect sadness and in
 the end sickness. In short, either
 thy desire is not satisfied, and art
 thereby still discontented or else
 tormented with Satiety, and Re-
 pentance.

VIII. Observe how bruit Beasts
 yield to death, how little they
 are tormented with the thoughts
 of it before-hand, and how pa-
 tiently they endure it when it
 comes: and *can we suppose God*
has endow'd them with greater
gifts of fortitude than our selves.

A good Man is always ready
 to lay down his life. *Callicratides*
the Lacedemonian Captain, hear-
ing the Soothsayer foretel Victory
 to

to the *Lacedemonians* and death to himself, answered: *Sparta* in losing me will not be at all weakened.

IX. What great acts have been performed by such who feared not death, how happy have been their Lives, how glorious their ends. In fine, why shall we refuse to yield to that equality, which makes the Beggar a Prince, and the Tyrant simple, and harmless dust.

X. Neither the vast Army of *Xerxes*, nor Treasure of *Tyberius*, or Cruelty of *Antonius*, could any whit prevail against Death. We shall all be equal and harmless there: and except Vertue, there will be no difference. No man can be ignorant of
this

ath his journey. 'Tis a fond and fil-
in opinion that renders this so-
k-joyful and advantagious a mat-
er unpleasant and terrible. Upon
ve what light causes have some flain
r-themselves. I knew a Scholar a
ve Countrey-man of ours in *Padoa*,
us who being flighted by a Gentle-
ll woman with whom he was in
a-love, Poyson'd himself. Ano-
a-ther in our City for vexation
that the price of Corn fell, Hang-
ed himself. Another, and he
f-likewise an *Italian*, finding he
could not conveniently pay his
Debts, Drowned himself: I saw
a Woman who for mere sorrow
that she had committed Adul-
tery (asking God forgiveness for
what she had done) immediately
drank Poyson. *Cleopatra* altho'
she

she might have liv'd in honor,
 yet to prevent her being carried
 about in Tryumph, caus'd a Ser-
 pent to sting her to death. *Porcia*
 the Daughter of *Cato* and Wife
 to *Brutus*, (a most heroick spi-
 rited Woman) hearing her Hus-
 band was slain, eat burning Coals
 and died. *Damocles* a beautiful
 Boy beloved by King *Demetrius*,
 being watch'd when he should
 enter naked into the Bath, and
 knowing the King design'd to
 abuse his body, div'd down to
 the bottom of the Water and
 drowned himself. 'Tis endless
 to relate Instances of those that
 for Fear, Love, Grief, Anger,
 and other occasions of no weight
 have sought their own deaths.
 We read moreover of whole
 Legions,

Legions, that offered themselves to apparent destruction. As they that were with *Leonida* in the *Persian Expedition*. *What would not these People have ventured on a great occasion, when for so small a matter they did not refuse to dye.*

XI. But perhaps thou wilt reply, *I do not fear Death, for not being an Evil, 'tis necessary; and to fear that which cannot be avoided, is were vain, cowardly, and hurtful.* Yet would I dye easily and such a death as *Augustus* desir'd and obtained; for by living till I am Old, I shall not only gain a longer life, but also an easier death.

XII. 'Twas *Aristotle's* opinion that Old men dyed not only without pain, but also without

any feeling of death, because the heat of their bodies was quenched. Which may be illustrated by this Example; If you go about to draw a Tooth, that is not loose, you feel great smart, but if 'twere loose of it self before; its drawn without any trouble. So green Youth with extreme reluctancy yields to death, whereas old Folks in dying feel almost no grief at all. In *India* men are said to live commonly an hundred and thirty years, by reason of the goodness of Air and the Peoples being without cares. Whereas we continuing in cares, luxury, and immoderate labours, choosing Air for profit, not for health, bring upon our selves diseases and untimely

Chap. I. Of Consolation. 51

untimely death, and yet lay the fault on Nature. How much better were it to know how to use the benefit of Nature, if thou esteamest Life to be such a pleasant and desirable thing. How have Hermites lived so long but by living temperately and void of care? *The longest life is short, because death will certainly put an end to it: Only Vertue and worthy actions can extend it, and Idleness and Vice shorten it.* VIX

XIII. Alexander, tho' he lived not above 33 years, died an Old man, by means of his great Exploits. Whereas Argantonius may be said to have died young, tho' he lived an hundred and twenty years, because he was remarkable only for his Age. Tis like-

wife to be noted, that commonly all notable men have died in their youth. Hercules, Achilles, Castor, Pollux, Ajax, Jason, Lucan, Catullus, Tibullus, Virgil, Demosthenes, Cicero, Julius Caesar, Severus, Alexander, Probus, Aurelian, Claudius, died all of 'em young. Who were too great and too good for this World, and therefore the Gods took 'em to themselves.

XIV. But put case thou livest to be old, how many vexations must thou expect, what infirmities, Weakness, Maladies, Rhumes, Catarrhs, besides, the seeing of thy self avoided and loathed by every body. Thou art tiresome even to thine own Children, burthen some to thy self, troublesome

to thy Friends, and contemptible to thy Servants. Thy Taste is gone, rest thou canst not, and being burdensom to thy self, how canst thou but be burdensom to others. We read that *Zeno* the Philosopher, when he could not get rid of his life by Age, Strangled himself. What pains and art was *Tully* fain to use to persuade people to bear their Old age. Whereas no man thinks it necessary to exhort men patiently to endure Health, or Riches: I am extremely taken with that saying of *Theraminis*, who only escaping out of a ruin'd House, and his Friends congratulating his good hap, cries out, O *Fortune*, for what sadder chance dost thou reserve me! What he said was

not without reason, for not long after he suffered a painful death by the cruelty of Tyrants. *What man that has lived to be Old, if proffered to live over again his past time, would accept of the condition.* And seeing Old men can expect nothing but Craziness, Coughs, Consumptions, Cares and uneasiness; I see no cause why they should desire to live. And if when we are young and enjoy the full use of our senses, beauty, strength, wit and authority, we are oft weary of our life, what shall we do when we hear (if we have any hearing left) our selves called Old-doating-fool, and be made the subject of mens laughter and pity,

XV. Art thou troubled to dye alone and leave so many behind thee? Remember to what a great company thou art going, and that those whom thou hast left alive must of necessity follow thee, and that so speedily that they may be said to dye with thee and bear thee company. The Fates are always at work, suffer none to transgress their limits: This is an unalterable Law, Tis appointed for all men once to dye.

XVI. And as amongst Condemned persons, those that have been less Criminal, are first dispatched, whereas the others who have been guilty of greater crimes, are reserved last to behold the terrors of death: So God first takes away those whom he loves; to prevent their being the sad wit-

nesses of others Miseries. I remember when I was but a Child, my Mother *Clara Michera*, then a Young Woman, was notwithstanding wont to wish she had dyed in her Infancy : when Older, she still continued to say the same ; I Askt her the reason, whereto she replied, I live in expectation of Death, which could not have been so troublesome in my Infancy, being then unsensible what it was to live or dye.

XVII. There is nothing but brings greater sorrow with it than joy, for pleasure when gone, is succeeded by sadness. *What do we Live for, to Eat and Drink, and talk of News, and do the same things over and over again ? What is there in this Life that can delight ?*

light? daily trouble to dress and undress a mans self: *Whereas the dead feel neither Cold in Winter, nor Heat in Summer, Cares and Fears come not near them, for in the Grave the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.*

XVIII. Tis said of the *Galatians* that they so little regarded death, that they chose to fight Naked. The *Gymosophist* answered *Alexander* very ingeniously, who being askt by him which was strongest, Life or Death, replyed Life, because it bears so many Calamities.

XIX. Were it not for death, what a Cage of ravenous birds would this World be? men would only meditate and improve their
Arts

Arts of Violence and Oppression, seeing in this short time they Live, and within sight of Death, they are guilty of such Enormities.

Again, how needful is it that good men may thereby receive the reward of their vertues, and live amongst such blessed Spirits as inhabit above the moon and stars. So that Death can be only terrible to wicked men, who are to be tormented in dark and solitary places.

XII. Some men are troubled about the manner of their Burial, a foolish care, and not to be compared to that pleasant humor of good *Diogenes*, who lying Sick and like to dye under a Tree, Answered them that askt him how he would be Buried, that they should

should let him lye where he was :
 to which they replyed, the Beasts
 would tear him in pieces ; prithe
 says he, then, lay a stick by me
 that I may drive 'em away : Nay
 say his Friends, that will be to no
 purpose when you shall be sence-
 less ; to whom he again replys,
What harm can they then do me ?

CHAP. II.

*The death of Parents, Children and
 Relations not to be Lamented,
 Remarkable Examples of such as
 have born them patiently.*

I. **H**AVING said thus much
 touching our own deaths,
 come we now to consider what
 reason

reason we have to Lament the death of others, whom we Love. We mourn either in respect of our selves or them ; if for them, we believe their Souls are mortal or immortal ; if mortal, then we thus Complain : O *Alas*, henceforth thou shalt be no more thirsty, hungry, cold, hot, naked, sick, lyable to injuries and vexations, yea that which is more, thou art no longer lyable to death as I am. Or if thou believest the Soul to be immortal, then must thou thus Lament. *Alas* my dear Friend (or Child,) thou art of a mortal Creature become an immortal Spirit, of a miserable Wretch, an happy Soul, thou hast passed from death to Life, from a Vale of Tears,

to a Place of inexpressible Joy.
 Who can hold his sides in hearing
 thee thus Complain? But if thou
 say I Lament my own Loss, then
 thou shewest thy self an Envious
 and Narrow Soul, in desiring to
 detain him in Misery, and deprive
 him of those Joys he possesses;
 on Account of some little Ad-
 vantages thou receivest by his
 Company: grieved and : vertuous
 H. Besides, consider that thou
 hast lost thy good Friend, yet has
 he left behind him him as good
 men as himself. But supposing
 thou shalt never light of the like,
 yet remember what pains thou
 hast taken for him when living,
 how burdensome he has been to
 thee, and how uncertain thou art
 of his good will towards thee,
 and

and what he might at length shew'd himself to thee had he lived longer. How commonly have men been injur'd, yea ruin'd by their down kinsmen, brethren and relations, by whom heretofore they have been assisted.

Cassius and *Brutus* helped *Julius Cesar* to fight against his Countrey; but being made Emperours, they slew him. *Alexander* while he lived was faithfully serv'd by his Soldiers, but when death, his children, kindred, and friends, were all destroyed by them, and yet at the death of one of them, he felt such grief, that he scarcely could ever forget it.

III. The *Thracians* at the death
of

of their friends were wont to re-
 joyce and make good cheer, be-
 cause they considered them as
 delivered from all wordly mi-
 sery, and arrived at felicity.
 And on the contrary, when any
 Child was born, they wept and
 lamented its entrance into a
 troublesome world: which custom
 a Citizen of ours follow'd; who
 dying, desired, that with musick
 and dancing he might be carried
 forth to his Burial.

IV. Wise and discrete Law-
 makers, in compliſſance with Po-
 pular Folly, appointed limits to
 Mourning. Lychtghs gave leave
 for a man to Lament Eleven
 Days, but after that he must be
 no longer ſeen to Lament.

V. When thou Lamentest the
 Death

Death of thy Friend, tell me whether thou hadst rather dyed thy self? Thus it must needs be, either Children must dye before their Parents, or Parents before their Children, or else all together. But to dye all together is esteemed a great Calamity. Do'st thou mourn because thy Friend or Child is delivered from Old Age? Or do'st thou Lament that in others, which in thy self thou thinkest ought patiently to be endured. Or wilt thou weep like the Old Woman I knew, who coming to the Gate where we were, begg'd Alms, and the more to move us to Compassion alledged, She was without Father or Mother, whereupon we asked what Age she was of, She Answer'd

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wer'd a Poor Old Woman of
above Fourscore, which made us
all burst out into Laughter, for
although we pity'd her Age, yet
we could not be much concern'd
at the loss of her Parents.

VI. 'Tis reported that in the
Island of *Coins*, the Old Men
being past Threescore, are wont
to be carryed in Triumph thro'
the City, and afterwards slain in
the sight of all the People. Be-
cause after that Age, they being un-
profitable, their deaths in respect of
the want of Provision, may great-
ly benefit the Common-wealth.
The Country of the *Cassians*
abounding with men, but scarce
of Provision; their Custom is, af-
ter their Parents be passed Three-
score and Ten, to shut 'em up and
starve

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starve them with hunger, which is indeed Cruel and Barbarous, but when Natural Death happens to our Parents, we ought patiently to bear their Loss, in as much as they have run through their Course of Misery, whereas we are to abide the troublesome Assaults of it.

VII. Yet would I not Counsel thee to do as a Young Man did who claimed Kindred of us; for he, when he was told his Father was dead, fell a dancing in the presence of several People, and cryed out 'twas pity he dyed not sooner: but the wretch escaped not unpunished for his impiety, and breach of the precept, for he dyed of a Consumption soon after. Not only Moses, but even

Homer

Homier affirms those to be short-lived, that do not render their Parents the respects due for their Education. But as tis the temper of an ungracious Son to wish the death of his Parents, so it is the part of a wise Son patiently to bear it. And in like manner the loss of other Relations; hast thou lost thy Brother, experience shews us, that most brothers be quarrelsome, cumberfome, envious, captious, and disdainful. The Poet was wont therefore very wel to resemble *Brethren to the winds, because they ever disagree, and live as if they were born for no other end (in respect of each other) but to quarrel.* *Cain* gave us an early Specimen of what Brotherly Love would be. Then *Jacob* deceived

III
FISV102 Esau,

Eſau, *Absalom* kills his Brother *Amnon*, *Abimelech* the Son of *Gideon*, murdered his Threescore and Nine Brethren, leaving only One alive. It would be an endleſs Task to recite all the Miſchiefs which one Brother has done another. I knew one man that killed his Two Brethren at ſeveral times; Another the Year before was Beheaded for having murdered Three of his Brethren. But admit thy Brother be a good Man: yet what benefit canſt thou expect from him more than others? if thou wanteſt Aſſiſtance, a Friend, as *Solomon* ſays, is better than a Brother, if thou expectſt Love, it muſt be from thy Parents; if Obedience, from thy Son; if Flattery, and Obſequiouſneſs, from thy Servant.

VIII. But thou wilt Reply, I loved my Brother dearly: but did he love thee? *Alexius* was Brother to *Isaac* Emperour of Germany, by whom he was not only redeemed out of Slavery from the *Turks* with a considerable Sum of money, but also admitted to share with him in the Government of the Empire; notwithstanding which great kindness, he not only a while after his return, deposed *Isaac* from his Kingdom, but put out his Eyes and kept him in perpetual Imprisonment.

Thou mayest boldly say thou lovest, and not be deceived, but canst not know how thou art beloved thy self. Thou weepest for him, who had he survived, would not have shed one Tear

for thee. If thou wert unwilling to dye before him, why dost thou lament that he is first dead. Is it not sufficient for thee to believe he is gone to Heaven, or art thou sorry he has obtained liberty, and everlasting life.

IX. The death of Children seems indeed a sad Affliction, and in a manner insupportable, especially if a man has none left, and all hope of having more cut off. Yet let us consider whether he is more happy that is barren and has no Children; or the other? The Childless man has only to lament his want of Posterity, which if thou desirest in respect of perpetuity, thou foolishly hopest that amongst so many thousands of men, thy Posterity should remain, tho'

tho' the world were never to end?
 But that the World will end, all
 Authority grants unless it be that
 of *Aristotle*. But if thy Poste-
 rity do always remain, art thou
 ever a whit the happier for that?
 So subtil a thing is this pleasure of
 Posterity, as indeed, it may be
 called nothing; for after a few
 years all memory of our Ance-
 stors is worn out. *Who is he that*
ever knew almost his great Grand-
father? Whereas on the contra-
 ry, to so small a pleasure how
 great care is joyned? Hence
 comes danger of death, charge
 of their education, fear of want,
 care for their learning, wanton-
 ness in childhood, rashness in
 youth, stubbornness, disobedience
 and pride, especially in those
 whose

whose Parents are rich. *Compare the life of those that have not Children, with those that have, and thou shalt soon find a vast difference?* The former live comparatively without care, free, jocund, and lively : fear neither Poverty nor Riches , publick nor private Calamity. In times of Famine, War, or Pestilence a good natured Man's mind is wholly concerned for his Children and Relations. In time of Plague, thou hast no place to flee to, in times of War thou canst not remove. In times of Famine unprovided whither to go.

Consider well these incumbrances and see whether they are comparable to the want of Children.

X, Again,

X. Again, Why art thou troubled at the loss of Children? As for thy Childes part, thou hast no reason to lament, who either feeleth nothing, or else is in inexpressible felicity: And as to thy self, thou hast changed danger for security, labour for rest, bondage for liberty, and yet complainest? Not long since I heard some poor Women lamenting and wishing the death of their Children, Had it not been better for them to have had none than thus to wish their deaths? Take this for a certain truth, *if thou art poor, thou canst have no comfort in Children:* and he that is Rich, what security hath he of continuing so?

But

But thou hast lost thy Child?
 And cannot that loss be supplied?
 tis true, the death of thy Father
 or Brother cannot be repaired.

XI. Thou wilt say perhaps,
 My Son was now become like unto
 me, I had spent much money,
 care and pains upon him, and
 probably might have hapned to
 be a brave Fellow. But these
 complaints better become the
 Women; for if thou bewailest
 thy loss of Money, then thou
 hadst more need be cured of thy
 covetousness, than comforted for
 the loss of thy Son: Besides, the
 better he was, the fitter for
 Heaven, and the greater rea-
 son hast thou to be comforted at
 his departure; for had he staid
 longer here in the world, so great
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and bewitching are the temptations thereof, that thou hast great reason to fear his being struck with the contagion of bad examples. Whereas now he has escaped the Vices of the age, and gone to the place of innocent Souls to enjoy those divine pleasures which are too big to be described; unto which felicity he could not arrive but by death. He has paid that debt which is due to Nature, and gone to the Grave where thou must soon follow. *Weep for thy self then, not for him, for his misery is over, whereas thine is to come.* I must confest Nature do's strongly impose upon us in this case, otherwise we could not forget so much as we do the love of our selves, our Country, and duty

ry both to God and Man. So dotingly fond are we of 'em, as shews in effect we rather hate them. We indulge them in wilfulness, ease and wantonness, revenge, pride and covetousness.

XII. Nature cannot be blamed as enduing us with this foolish care and immoderate love; for the appetites she has implanted in us are modest and limited; and if we pass the bounds, tis not Her fault. Other creatures eat and drink only when necessity urges them, whereas Man do's this unseasonably and wantonly. Being guilty of the same immoderation herein, as in the love of his Offspring; not valuing what becomes of his own Body or Soul provided he can leave them rich.

XIII. This

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XIII. This extreme affection is not according to Nature, but a Vice. Behold other living Creatures when they have brought forth their young into the world, and find them able to shift for themselves, take no farther care of them: In this far happier than Men. Let the examples of the Wise moderate thy grief. *Alexander* made a Funeral Oration for his own Son, wherein he prais'd him for his vertues, and so buried him. *Demosthenes* the 7th. day after the death of his only Daughter, put on his white Garment, was Crowned, and Sacrificed an Ox. *Dion* sitting in Council upon publick affairs, and informed his only Son had fallen from the House-top and broke his Neck, gave

gave order for his Burial, and continued on his business. The Constancy of *Pericles* is to be admir'd, for having lost within eight days his two Sons, young men of exceeding great hopes, did notwithstanding put on his white Garments, was Crown'd, made Orations to the *Athenians*, and coming from his House where his Children lay dead, delivered his advice upon fundry weighty matters, and discoursed at large touching the art of War. So *Anaxagoras* whilst he was disputing with his Scholars, word was brought that his Son was dead, whereat he paus'd a while, and returned answer to the Messenger, he consider'd he had begotten a Mortal Creature. When *Brutus* openly punished

con- punished his two Sons, what ter-
 Con- ror did this strike into his Citi-
 ir'd, zens, what fear into his Enemies,
 days and admiration into his Neigh-
 ex- bours? For that instance of his
 ith- Justice and Severity, did mighti-
 Gar- ly advantage the Empire and stir
 Dra- up all Counties round about it to
 co- the emulation of so great a virtue.

XIV. Neither doth Story on-
 his ly furnish us with instances of
 his Mens heroick courage in this par-
 at- ticular, but also of Womens.
 ch- *Cornelia* the Mother of the *Grac-*
 go- *chi*, of many Sons having only
 th two left, and they both slain, (be-
 ht sides the reciting the worthy deeds
 at of them and their Father,) did
 d not make any other shew of for-
 - row. *Argilon* the Mother of *Bra-*
 l *sides*, the *Lacedemonian* King,
 r hear-

hearing her Son was slain, gave no sign of Grief, but Askt whether he Nobly and Worthily Dyed. Another when word was brought her of her Sons being Slain, Was it not necessary, says she, that he should slay others, or be slain himself? I could give a Thousand instances of this kind, were it necessary.

CHAP. III.

The unprofitableness of Riches. A

brief Account of the Authors Life.

Poor men more happy than Princes.

No man poor that has whereon to Live.

I. **M**OST mens minds are so greatly set on Riches, that till Death comes they think of nothing else. For every man fancies he has a long time to live, and puts the Evil Day far from him, *as if the forgetfulness of that time were a means to escape it.* And not contented with this, they esteem all men fools that pursue not the same Ends. As if Riches could deliver from Death, or were of
G any

any value to a Man in the Grave. Rather ought we to consider we are to pass over into those parts, whither we can carry nothing with us, but our Vertues or Vices: for whensoever thou shalt dye, will come into thy remembrance not thy wealth, but thy grievous offences, not thine honor or pleasures, but thy faith and hopes of mercy. *For at that instant all things will seem to thee to be annihilated, and thy disturbed fancy will imagine the whole world to be sinking into its former confusion. And as the Land seems to move in the sight of such as sail on the Sea in a Ship; so in the hour of death will all things seem to pass away. when thou shalt for ever take leave of this earthly life, never*
more

more to return to thy friends, wealth or pleasures, in which thou hast so greatly trusted. Therefore if thou expectest any other life after this, why dost thou not spend thy time in Vertue? But lest I be thought to give that counsel to others which I never had occasion to use my self; know that I also have been in misery; and therefore expect to be the more credited.

II. I was born in a time of Pestilence, when my Mother being big with Child of me; was forced to leave the City; half dead came I into the world, in the year 1501, when all men despairing of my life, by vertue of a Bath made of Wine, I was recovered. Within three months after I lost

two of my Brethren and one Sister. The Plague continuing in our City, took away my Nurse: whereupon I was charitably received into the house of *Isidorus Resta* a noble Gentleman and friend of my Father, where after a few days I fell sick of a Dropsy and Flux of the Liver, yet nevertheless preserved, whether through the wrath or mercy of God, I know not. There was no kind of distemper which I did not undergo till I attained eight years of age. At which time, I became Servant to my Father, and so continued till I was eighteen.

III. Thus did I pass the flower of my youth, both without delight and study. At length perceiving I could not compel nor persuade
my

my Father to give me Learning, I intended for love of it, to enter into some Religious house. My Mother seeing her want of Children, intreated my Father to put me to School, where, I remembering my time already lost, and the shortness of Mans life, earnestly applyed my self to my Book, ever in fear lest my Father hearing some bad report, should take me away.

I was not a little perplexed with the difficulty of the *Latine* Tongue, but having with much labour mastred the uneasy part thereof, my Father gave me leave to study *Geometry* and *Logick*, in which I made some proficiency. Then distance from my Father making him begin to love me, he

died, having newly begun to affect me. At that time the Wars began in our Country, when being poor and void of all other help, through the great care and diligence of my Mother I was maintained, when my small Patrimony was not sufficient; for such as it was I spent it in the office of Rector in the University: Nor had I any other way of getting my living but by playing at Chesse.

IV. At length after I had rub'd through several Straights, I settled my self and Family in the Town of *Pavia*, where by practice of Physick, tho' poorly, I made a hard shift to maintain my self and Family; for I had contracted debts by my vain-glorious office. Then my Mother sends for me
home

home to the City, where I found all things in disorder as to my private affairs, no friends, or assistance, my Kinsmen sued me at Law ; and was refused in our College of Physicians, *being suspected a Bastard* because my Father used me so ill. Neither can I boast of any favour from the Physicians of *Padoa*, where having twice deserved to be made Doctor , they denied me my Grace. But at length through the earnest suit of the President, I took that degree. This might well shame me to relate, were not their injustice the cause, not my want of Learning.

Not long after this I fell into a Consumption, a distemper which many Physicians hold incurable,

Yet it pleased God I escaped it after seven Months without help of any Physician, and beyond all expectation. Let any one now imagine what cares, sorrow and vexation my mind endured, when on the one side I considered mine own great poverty, and on the other, my Mothers unwieldy and helpless age. Besides this, the opposition of my Relations, the wrong received from the Physicians, the threatnings of a Great Man, the despair of Health, want of Friends, and an House to lie in, did all together beset me. I needed whereon to live: Labor I was not able, and could not think of begging, were my necessities never so great. Yet at length notwithstanding these manifold vex.

vexations by returning to the City, I recovered my Health, met with Friends who comforted and bountifully relieved me.

My Physick in my sickness was Abstinence. Against my Misfortunes I made use of Patience, against Poverty, Sparingness, against Prosecution diligence to avoid the strokes of it; against Repulses the precepts of Philosophy; and from the beginning of my troubles (this Book tho' not then written) did greatly comfort me.

Being thus returned to my Country, my Mother at last recovered her health, and was myself relieved and defended by my good Patron the Reverend Bishop *Philip Archintus*, both for
Vertue

Vertue and Learning an excellent Man. Afterwards through the assistance of *Alphonsus D'Avila* (to whom I Dedicated my Book *De Æternitatis Arcanis*) I was admitted one of the College of Physicians, with the good liking of every honest man, being then almost Forty years of age.

Such hath been the course of my Life: what helps my Studies have contributed to the mitigating of the fundry hardships thereof, any man may imagine. As for Riches I ever contemned them, with the same greatness of mind, as all other chances of Fortune; Patience in all the occurrences of my whole Life has extremely helped me: for by vertue thereof I have found assistance in my greatest

lest extremity, even from them of whom I have least desired or expected any thing; for *Franciscus Bonafidus*, an able and faithful Physician, so stoutly defended my Cause against the Doctors of *Padoa*, as no Brother for a Brother could do more.

Great assistance did I also receive from *Francis Cruceirs*, a most upright Lawyer, my Suit depending in the City of *Milain*, who greatly encouraged me to proceed in this my present Work, as well as in others, but I have found that to the writing of Books, a Mind free from such troubles as I have suffered, is absolutely requisite.

But I have said too much perhaps touching my self. Yet what honor

honor and credit can base Parentage be, the slightings of my Father, Friends, and Country, my want of Health, and Poverty, next to Beggary? Whosoever thinks I have spoken this out of Vain-glory, must repute me a very Fool. But it was my design by my own Example to teach these two things. First, that tis nothing but a guilty Conscience can make any man miserable. Secondly, that constancy of Mind do's greatly help, not only to bear Evils, but to procure a change of Fortune. But however *this is necessary to keep thee from being miserable, to believe thou art not so.* Which Rule in one word may be taught and learned of every man.

IV. But I promised at the beginning

beginning of this Book to treat of Poverty and its Remedy: For the Burden of it seems to some intolerable, as it was observ'd of old by Menander, In discoursing of which, we shall first consider, That the Poor man is no less happy than the Rich. Secondly, that Poverty is no hindrance to the achieving glorious Actions. And Thirdly, that there's nothing more hurtful to a poor man than to desire to be rich. Fourthly, that Riches after death do neither profit the deceas'd, nor his Posterity.

V. As to the First, I affirm there is greater felicity to be found in a poor Commonwealth than in a rich: less hatred, ambition and disorder. *Pliny* oft men-

mentions the respect which the Carthaginians gave the Romans for their Vertue, altho' at Wars with them: But when once Riches grew in Credit, nothing continu'd stable, nothing quiet; the People always at variance, the Senate without authority, Laws violated, Gravity and Sobriety ridicul'd and laught out of countenance, all things profan'd and mixt with the dregs of Slaves and Strangers. Whence it appears that *Misery is an attendant of Riches, and Quietness of Poverty.*

VI. But to pass by Commonwealths, let us turn our Discourse to private persons, whose Lives are far more happy than those of Princes and great Persons; for
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what

What proof of Friendship can they receive, when hope of Reward, or fear of Punishment are the motives that influence all about them. And therefore King *Philip* reproved his Son *Alexander*, because he thought to gain the goodwill of his people by Liberality. But supposing they were in this particular equal to private Persons, let us consider whether their Lives in other matters are to be compared, in respect of happiness, with them. The Poor Man rising early; after his Hands be washed, betakes himself to his labour, at which having for some time exercised himself (besides the help of his hungry Supper) the night before with his fellow-laborer, they savor all sorts of Meat;

Meat, whatsoever cometh to hand seemeth pleasant, delicate and precious. At Dinner they discourse of jocular matters, and talk what hope they have of time to come. This company breeds no Discontent, this diet causeth no Satiety, no Disdain, no Suspicion. The Dinner ended, after pausing a while, they return to accustomed labour, by which they get a good appetite to Supper: there being met, they want no mirth, gentle Jest, and pleasant Tales, according to the quality of the Guests. Then to Bed they go, whereunto preparing themselves, the shining Stars put them in mind to look up to Heaven, to that most blessed Countrey where they hope at length

to arrive. If conscious to themselves of any amiss word or deed, they implore the Divine Forgiveness: and being wearied with hard labour, the Good man soon falls into a sound sleep. Thus do's he enjoy Health and a long Life, neither troubled at what's past, nor afraid of what's to come.

On Holy days, he resteth his wearied Limbs: Then wanders at will, and if there be any thing in City or Country pleasant and worth seeing, he may without offence behold it. He views the Suburbs, green Fields and smiling Meads, meets his Companions, and every where takes his disport. No vexatious thoughts hinder the tranquillity of his mind, but joyeth in Life, and lives prepared

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for

for Death : and if he chance to be so learn'd that he can read History, he may be accounted somewhat the more happy.

VII. Whereas the life of a Prince is quite contrary ; for he having with much difficulty got off yesterdays Surfeit, gets up, his Mouth not well in taste, and troubled with the nauseous belches of his own Stomach, is so uneasie that he knows not what to do with himself. Then his Guard comes about him, Soldiers, Servants, Parasites, Flatterers, and Suiters ; People swarm, cry out and complain ; the Porters keep back the importunate Guests, and some (and they perhaps the most troublesom) for Money are let in. And if the Prince be a man of
 751. business,

Chap. III. Of Consolation. 99

business, he examines his concerns, which finding to be infinite, he loaths his own life; for some things he despaireth to bring to pass; and others he hopes not without difficulty to effect. Now he blameth the unfaithfulness of some persons: Then accuseth the negligence of others. At last he finds all his Friends and Servants are friends to their own interest, and serve him only to serve themselves. Now is his mind perplexed how to provide against such an imminent danger. Then he goes to Chappel. Afterwards hears Suits, wherein the more attentive he is, the more is his trouble and anxiety of mind; so at last he refers all to his Council.

VIII. Then comes Dinner-
H 2 time,

time, when he has Dishes, Platters, Cups, Saucers, Carpets, Wine, Sallets, Sauce, Meat, Bread, and all sorts of Dainties; but being thus settled at Meat, either he has no Company at all, or if any, they be his inferiors, who are ready to gape for every bit of Meat he puts in his mouth; whereas he having no appetite, and being us'd to these delicacies, they do not at all please him, neither takes he delight in any thing he sees; ashamed at his own fastidiousness, he looks here and there, and at length chooses something that is least displeasing to him. But supposing this day brings him a Stomach, which is very rare, does he then receive any satisfaction? none at all, for he is suspicious
and

and fearful of every thing, Meat, Drink, Cups, Napkins, Trenchers and Knives may be Poyson'd. What pleasure can there be in Eating, to a man beset with so many fears? *were it not better to eat butter'd Parsnips and Turnips in an Earthen-platter?*

IX. When *Damocles* had long flatter'd *Dionisius*, the Tyrant caused this Parasite to put on his Princely apparel, placed him in his Chair of State, and set before him all the Riches of *Syracuse*; Which done, he by a small Thread hanged over his head a sharp naked Sword, which *Damocles* seeing, durst not stretch out his Arm, no nor endeavor to carve those Delicacies which were set before him: But finding himself

on every side beset with fear,
 pray'd his Host to deliver him
 from this Royal Feast, by which
 he learned so much, that he ne-
 ver after desired to become King.

X. Again, when a Prince has sum-
 ptuously Dined, and all his dishes
 with great Ceremony taken away,
 then in come Jesters, Juglers and
 Fiddlers; some they craftily flatter,
 and others they disgrace, whereat
 these laugh, the others inwardly fret
 and vex: in the mean time the
 Prince with feign'd chear, museth
 on matters more weighty; and bu-
 siness calling him away, to Council
 he goes, where many matters be
 brought in question, neither plea-
 sant to hear, nor easie to effect;
 because some of them are unjust,
 and others perillous. Now is he
 offended

offended at his Ministers administration, and by and by discovers anothers Treachery; another's ingratitude galls him, another's Mistakes: His mind being thus vexed, he sighs and laments, endeavouring to get rid of such troublesome thoughts, and thereupon betakes himself to diversion: rides out of Town, but alas all in vain, for black cares sit fast behind him: and the worst of it is, he can go no whither but the People follow, and by the sight of them, bring that to mind, which he cannot endure to think of. Then after discourse of sundry Matters, to Supper he goes, with the same Appetite he eat his Dinner; and at length to Bed, where before he sleeps, he ruminates on

sundry unpleasant matters, how many Men are or must be Executed, tho' not justly, yet necessarily, what Secret practices are in hand against him, what War to be undertaken, and the manifold hazards of it; and on sundry other anxious affairs, which make him at length think himself the most miserable of all Mortals, and wish rather to have been born any thing than what he is. And thus passing from one fancy to another, he turneth and tosseth his mind; and in the end finding all things vexatious and perplexing, desireth Sleep, which is not easily had. But admit he do's sleep, his restless Fancy is troubled with such unpleasing imaginations, fearful Dreams and Visions,

sions, as surpass all description. In a word, *tho' his Bed be soft, rich and delicate, yet is his rest oft-times hard and short.*

XI. What is a Kingdom, says *Antigonus*, but a glorious Servitude? Kings are only the Ministers and Servants of many: Or if they be Lords over others, yet are they too oft Slaves to the vilest lusts, incest, adulteries, covetousness, murders, fears and jealousies; suspect many times their nearest friends, Children, Wife, Concubine, Cup-bearer, Barber; *and what Guard so vigilant as can defend them.* Whereas the Life of a poor man is void of all cares and fears, he lives long, is healthy and vigorous.

XII. I remember but three men
that

that have pass'd the age of an hundred years, and they almost Beggars, one was a Carpenter, the other an Apothecary, and the third a Plowman. For how can his life be long that liveth in Lust, Idleness, and Surfeitings; they are always idle, or excessively laborious, sitting up in the Night, and sleeping in the Day; whence proceed Dropsies, Consumptions, and Gouts, to the Rich: whereas you shall seldom hear a Poor man complain of it.

XIII. 'Tis observable a Poor man has more beautiful Children than those that be Rich, and are generally more fortunate: They frequently are barren, or if they have Children, they are commonly very weak and sickly; where-

as you shall never hear Poor men complain of the want of Issue, yea, are rather overstockt. Moreover Poor men enjoy that Liberty, which the Rich dare not pretend to. A man of a mean fortune can visit every place, but Princes are withheld most times by Punctilios of Honor, and want of Preparation to receive them. In Summer, notwithstanding the greatest care, they are annoyed with Dust; in Winter shun the Cold, and yet feel it. Whereas the Poor man in Summer works in the shade; and in Winter with labour expels the Cold by a most advantageous manner. The Rich man anxiously preserves his Lands, which the Poor man beholdeth as well as he, and the seldomer he

has

has liberty to look abroad, the more pleasure he has in seeing. I my self for this very reason never wish'd to have Gardens in the Suburbs, as knowing other mens would be more pleasant to me; *and all the delight which we receive in these things is from their variety and novelty.*

XIV. All men endeavour to live, which living the Poor man obtains as well as the Rich; his Body is healthful and vigorous, and mind best fitted for Contemplation.

XV. The Rich man's mind is continually perplex'd with Cares, whereas the Poor man is only concerned to get his living. The former of these studies how to keep his wealth, how to encrease and
bestow

bestow it. He is forced to keep others, and tho' called the Master of all, yet is he Servant to the whole family; his Life is many times in danger for his Riches: whereas the Poor man fears neither the losing of his Life nor his Estate. One only fear the Poor man has, and that is, lest he should lack whereon to subsist; but yet without cause, for being honest and industrious, should he meet with any misfortune, there's no man but will be ready to help him: for such a one cannot want Friends, the charity of Good men, and the assistance of Hospitals. *I could never hear of an Honest man that was any considerable time in want.* Its certain that Riches have killed more than Hunger. I have

have known an hundred persons my self, whose great Estates have occasioned their ruine; some prison'd by their Relations, others stabb'd, hang'd, robb'd and murdered as they were travelling; but I never knew above four that died of Hunger, and that by their own fault. Seeing then so few persons perish through Poverty, and so many by Riches, I pray which condition is most eligible. A Rich man is laden with unnecessary Apparel, Household-stuff, which require care in preserving and daily reparation. Gold is no more wholsom to drink in than Glass, nor Silver more cleanly than Stone. Garments the more simple they be, the more convenient and less burdensom. Man

is born Naked, he needs a covering, but no burden.

XVI. *Socrates* beholding great variety of Merchandises to be sold in a Fair, how many things, says he, are there here of which I have no need? He esteemed them likest the Gods that wanted fewest things. Costly Apparel is spoyled by Dust and Moths; Water rots it, and Thieves steal it, or Neighbors borrow it. *What is fine Attire but a burdensom and troublesom Bravery?* In short, what has a Rich man more than a Poor? The latter has Life, Health, Children, Meat, Sleep, Friends, Liberty, Security, Pleasure and Rest, with all other things needful. *Lord, says the Prophet, give me neither Poverty nor Riches.*

Riches. And were a wise man left to his choice, he would certainly prefer the former before the latter. Riches are more dangerous than Poverty; for Poverty is relieved by art and industry; *but there is no remedy against the discommodity of Riches.* Also the fall from Riches is great and without recovery, whereas Poverty differs little from Sufficiency, and keeps a man out of danger of falling. In Poverty at farthest, the Body can be only endanger'd, whereas Riches endanger the loss of both Body and Soul. Finally, if Poverty be removed, all the inconveniencies wherewith 'tis attended be taken away. But such as love Riches, if they lose them, notwithstanding keep still those vices and

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imperfections which they caus'd whilst they possess them. Poverty is certainly worthy of great honour, for we are beholding to it for the inventions of Arts; whereas Rich men never deserved this praise. *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Epicletus*, and *Cleanthes*, were all poor men, the latter of which was fain all day to draw Water to get his living, and to Study in the night. *Socrates* was little better than a Beggar. *Plato* became rich by his second Voyage into *Sicily*. *Aristotle* lived a long time poor, and when an Old man, was enriched by *Alexander*. *Homer* that famous Greek Poet, was but a poor blind Harper. And *Virgil* the Prince of Latine Poets, was far from being over-rich. The

whole rout of Grammarians and Orators were such kind of men: *Pompilius*, *Andronicus*, *Orbilas*, *Valerius*, *Cato*, *Lænius*, *Julius Higinius*. *Plinius Cæcilius* reports that *Quintilian* was not overstockt with wealth. *Juvenal* mocking *Statius* the Fam'd Poet, tells us he begged his Bread.

XVIII. *Paul Æmilius* that Famous Captain could not make his Wife a Joynture. Also *Marius* and *Sextorius*, came but of mean Parentage, yet one of them was the Terror, and the other the Safeguard of Rome. *Scipio Africanus* had lain in Prison for debt, had not *Græchus* assisted him. *Arator Cincinnatus*, *Calatinus Fabricius*, that fought with *Pyrus*, *Valerian*, *Publicola*, *Menenius Agrippa*, *Q. Æmilius*,

*Emilius, Aristides, Photin, Mel-
tiades, Cimon, Spartacus, Viria-
tus*, all the Dukes of *Lacedemo-
nia*, even the bravest of them, as
Lisander, came but of a mean Fa-
mily. And whom can you alledge
against these, the desperate *Alex-
ander*, or *Cesar* the destroyer of his
Countrey, or *Scylla* with his Pro-
scriptions.

XIX. But to return to the
Point in hand; what greater mi-
sery can God lay upon a man,
than to suffer him to covet Ri-
ches: 'Tis Labour without end,
and like the turning of *Sisyphus's*
Stone; who is said, for revealing
the Secrets of Heaven, to remain
in Hell, and there continually to
roll up a heavy Stone to the top
of a steep Hill, which presently

rolls down again, and he without ceasing follows and brings it up upon his shoulders. For to what end dost thou labour for more than will buy thee necessaries, depriving thy self of the comforts of what thou mayst enjoy. Thou shortenest thy days and hindrest thy helth. Some men I have known live miserably, to the end they might have a stately & honorbale Burial.

XIX. But thou perhaps desirest not Riches upon this account, but to leave thy Son a fair inheritance; so that thou labourest, studiest, watchest, hazardest the health of thy Soul and Body, dost violence to thine own Conscience, and destroyest the peace of thine own Mind, that thy Son may spend, consume, make havock, Whore,

Whore, Drink, Game, and Live
in Riot and Idleness: To make
him Proud, Soft, Ridiculous, Foo-
lish, Mad, and good for nothing.
Again, How oft have we seen a
great Fortune left to a Son or
Daughter, make 'em a Prey to
some greedy and perfidious Vil-
lain. In short, *Riches have been
the cause of the most Bloody and
Tragical Events which we meet
with in all Relations.* Most of
those I ever heard of that by in-
heritance arriv'd to great Estates,
have spent and consumed 'em in
a short time. How can it but
trouble thee when thou lyest upon
thy death-bed, to think that what
thou hast gotten by great toyl,
will serve only as a means to de-
bauch thy Son. The Son of

Ruinus having received from his Father a rich inheritance, fell into such a frenzy as cost him his Life. How many ways are Laws violated? How many Rebellions happen! How many Treasons, *wherein* such as are of mean fortune are almost never concern'd. Besides, thou wilt leave thine Estate to a Son, or Brother, who probably will not part with one Farthing of it to redeem thy Life from the Grave.

Yet such is thy madness as with loss of thine own quiet thou seekest to make them Rich. Wherefore seeing Riches procure neither Glory nor Felicity to our Selves or Posterity, there can be nothing more pernicious to us than to desire 'em, and anxiously pursue

pursue the search of them. But here the Example of all the World will be objected against what I say, for every man seeks Riches, but no man wishes to be Poor. I shall not here set my self to refute this Objection, only say in short, that the Multitude are ill Judges of things, that they are the great Masters of Error, and Enemies to all Philosophy, that their Examples are in no wise to be imitated, they being continually in the wrong. For whatsoever is profitable or necessary to any Creatures, that is naturally desirable : in which desires, bruit beasts (who are guided only by Sense) do not transgress. Whereas man who has most Reason in his Understanding, has least in

his Actions: for he Eats, Drinks, and Sleeps, more than either Con-
 veniency or Necessity require: whatsoever more than necessary is
 desired, is not only not good, but
 contrary to Nature. All men na-
 turally desire Riches, as Meat or
 Drink, not because Excess of them
 is natural, but because somewhat
 in them is natural, that is to say, so
 much of them as serve to purchase
 Necessaries, which what man is he
 that does not get. For to have
 nothing, nor know which way to
 get any thing, is contrary to Na-
 ture.

But it may be Objected against
 the Advantage which I alledged
 Poor men enjoy, such as Labour,
 Exercise, Industry, Patience and
 Abstinence, that these also may
 be

be enjoyed by them that be Rich, and the choice of these being in the Rich Man, he is consequently the most Happy. For if we willingly want pleasure, the want of them cannot seem grievous. Yet herein is a great mistake, because that Man who has been gently brought up, his mind is made effeminate, his body tender, and unable to endure Labour. He that has accustom'd himself to sundry meats, his digestion becomes delicate and squeamish: And if a man so Educated changes his dyet to poor mens fare, he soon becomes diseased, full of obstructions, and subject to consumptions. Or if he betakes himself to Labour, he grows thereby unhealthy, falls into feaverish distempers,

stempers, and in a short space dyes. If such kind of People, I say, as these, apply themselves to hard study, they commonly shorten their days; as did *John Picus Mirandula*. 'Tis rarely seen that a Man born to a great Estate becomes Excellent in Learning: unless he at first liv'd meanly, or in his youth fell into some Frenzy. Again the Rich have more need of the Poor, than the Poor of the Rich. For the Rich Man needs a Physician, a Barber, a Groom, a Plow-Man, a Cook: and which of them needs a Rich Man?

XX. So great are the vexations which attend Power and Authority, as will endear Poverty to a Considerative Man.

Charles the Fifth tho' he Govern'd

yetn'd well and happily, yet how did the thoughts of preserving his Empire disquiet him. Sometimes he was afraid that Sultan *Solyman* would invade the confines of his Empire; otherwhiles he was perplexed how to preserve the Islands of *Baleares*: Then he fears *Sicily* and *Pulia* were not able to hold out against the Infidels; each Province called for his Care, so that his thoughts were never at rest. And shall we call him happy who was tormented with such Anxieties? for my part I should wish my self rather a *Carthusian Monk*, and undergo all the Severities of that Order, than to wear his Crown stuf with those Cares: will any man say *Francis* the *French King* might be called happy,

happy, or Sultan *Solyman*? Alas which of 'em liv'd not in Fear? which of 'em lived free from misfortunes? And tho perhaps they never met with any great mishaps, yet considering what has beset others, and might beset them, they likewise may be said to have spent their days in fearful expectations.

XXI. *Polycrates* who in his whole Life never met with any misfortune, was at length taken by the King of *Persia* and hang'd. It were endless to recount the number of Kings whom Fortune has laugh'd at to scorn. Thou who admirest the Life of Princes and Great Men, standing gazing at their outsides, could'st thou but look into their breasts, would'st heartily pity them, when thou

complaineſt of Poyerty, do but
conſider how many are poorer and
miſerable than thy ſelf, in compa-
riſon of whom thou art Happy. How
many be Sick? How many Deaf?
Blind? How many in Priſon? How
many in Exile? How many con-
demned to dye cruel and ignominious
Deaths, than all which without
doubt thou art more happy.
Moreover, if thou complaineſt on-
ly of Poyerty (unleſs thou wouldſt
be a King) thou haſt no cauſe to
lament. Behold how many live
miſerably in the City? how ma-
ny beg in the Suburbs; how many
ſpend their days in the Countrey
in extream want, yet burdened
with Families and Children. How
many poor Villages are there, that
paſs joyfully their days in a mean
con-

condition ; because they see none near 'em richer than themselves : when as the same persons if they resort to the City, where they see the Riches and Bravery of others, then they repute themselves miserable, and lament their hard fate. But this may be rather called Envy than Poverty. Should it come to pass now as it did in the time of *Noah*, that all money, provision, Cattel and other commodities, were carried away in a universal Flood : I believe then no man would think himself injured by Poverty. Why then dost thou complain having whereon to live. This plainly evidences tis not Poverty but Envy that molests thee, *Why dost thou not desire the Treasures of Kings, and the Riches of India ?*

India? How many Countries and People has Poverty subdued and preserv'd. Alexander possessing nothing but Bodies and Weapons, Conquered all *Asia*. The poor Common-wealth of *Rome* subdued the proud *Gauls*, the stately *Italians*, the crafty *Carthaginians*, the numerous *Greeks*, and the disdainful *Jews*. And by the same means the *Germans*, *Persians* and *Scythians*, maintained their Rights, and kept their Liberties. But as soon as *Scylla* became Great, and introduced the Love of Riches, the Glorious Liberty of the *Roman* People melted away like Ice against the Sun: then followed Sedition, Civil Wars, and all manner of injustice and cruel Murthers, and in a short time the whole

whole Empire wasted to nothing.
XXII. Great Estates are seldom
preserved long in a Family. For
we rarely see the Grandchild
of a wealthy man dye Rich,
which makes me the less mar-
vail at so many great mens dis-
daining Riches. *Crates* the
Theban so little valued them,
that he cast 'em into the Sea.
Zeno having lost his Estate,
thanked God for that happy
misshap which made him a Phi-
losopher. *Diogenes* not only pa-
tiently suffered Poverty, but be-
ing Askt by *Alexander* what he
wanted, replyed, *Nothing*: refu-
sing the bountifull offers of that
great Prince. Which made him
say, that if he were not *Alexander*,
he would choose to be *Diogenes*.



CARDAN

OF

CONSOLATION.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Of Banishment, or Confinement.

I. **T**HE next Calamity to Poverty is Banishment, and in this matter 'tis only Opinion that makes a man Miserable: For how many men have meerly

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for Pleasure, spent the greatest part of their Lives in Travelling and viewing strange Countries ; as *Plato*, *Berosius*, *Galen*, and *Dioscorides* ; and how many Foreigners amongst us do the same for Profit. There was an *Italian* a Citizen of ours, who in Threescore Years had never travelled farther than the Suburbs of the Town , which being told the Prince , he commanded that henceforward he should not pass those bounds : The poor Old man disliking this Confinement, desired leave to travel in his Old age, which in his Youth he never minded, which being deny'd, he fell sick and died.

H. As for my part, I should never value being Bannished my
own

own Country, provided I had whereon to live and maintain myself and Family elsewhere: For a Man shall many times find more Civility and Respect abroad than at home.

III. Were Travail and leaving a Mans own Country to be reckoned an Evil, why do so many Princes and great Personages voluntarily daily undertake it. To behold the different Situations of Cities, the various Customs, and manners of People, cannot but be exceeding grateful to the Curious. Thou gainest hence Experience and greater Respect when thou returnest home. What pleasing sights do offer themselves to thee, of Towns, Seas, Mountains, Rivers, Meads, Woods,
K 2 Hills

Hills and Plains. *Alexander* is said to Travel rather to excel *Trajan*, who envied his Fame, than from a desire to Conquer the World.

IV. We find *Homer* commending his old Friend *Ulysses*, for nothing more than for this. Again, *Demosthenes*, *Cicero*, *Aristides*, *Thucydides*, *Themistocles*, *Alcibiades*, *Codrus*, *Theseus*, *Eumolpus*, *Trax*, *Aristotle*, *Camillus*, *Coriolanus*, *Marius*, *Datanus*, *Tribulus*, *Dion*, *Hannibal*, *Demetrius*, *Phalerius*, have all been Bannished their Countries. *Conon* voluntarily Bannished himself into *Cyprus*, *Iphicrates* into *Thrace*.

V. In short, Consider again that of *Socrates*, the whole World is a Wise mans Country, and

and so long as such a one is in the World, he is never out of it. Very pleasant was the saying of *Diogenes*, who being told that the *Synopenfes* had commanded him to forsake their Countrey: and I, says he, command them for ever to abide in it.

VI. Whosoever performs any worthy Act at home, instead of Glory, gains only Envy. Where was our *Saviour* himself less respected than in his own Country, being not only disdained and afflicted there, but at length cruelly put to Death.

CHAP. II.

Of Injuries.

BUT perhaps thou wilt say, this is not my Case, thou art Wrong'd and Injur'd, and therefore desirest Revenge. But pray consider whither this course will lead thee, for he that seeks to revenge one injury, brings upon himself another: And he that offered the first injury without occasion, what will he not do when provoked? Is it not better to be quiet, and consider, that thy enemy being a bad Man, tis his nature to be doing Mischief; and that he cares not whom he hurts;

hurts : That Vengeance belongs to God, and he will repay it. If thou hast given a just Cause, blame not him, but thy self; if not, it is the part of a Wise man to bear it patiently. When *Socrates* was stricken upon the Shins and advised by his Friends to be revenged for that Affront, *Shall I*, says he, *if an Ass kicks me, kick him again ?* And when his Wife snatched his Cloak off his Shoulders, and his Friends persuaded him to Chastise her! No, no, replies he, *tis sufficient you know which is Socrates, and which is Zantippe.*

VII. *Diogenes* receiving a box on the Ear, cryed out, *Who thought I needed an Helmet, as oft as I go forth ?* So likewise

Crato being stricken on the Face by *Nicodromo Citaredo*, did no more, but wrote *Nicodromo's* Name upon the Place, by which means he shew'd the whole City the Injury offered him. And *Plato* being told that *Zenocrates* Slandred him, said first, *He could not believe it*; but when he was satisfied it was so; Answered, *I cannot think he would thus speak without Cause.* What could be more Nobly and Prudently said.

VIII. But we Christians ought above all others to bear Injuries with Patience, following herein the Example of our Lord (the Founder of our Religion) *who being Reviled, Reviled not again, and as a Sheep before his Shearers is Dumb, so he opened not his mouth,*

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What a foolish thing is it to seek Revenge, when it cannot be had but with loss to the Person injured. *Pausanias* revenged himself on *Philip*, but was Hanged for it. So did *Andrew Lampugnés* upon *Galeazens Sforza*, - but thereby wrought, not only his own Destruction, but also his whole Families. Revenge for the most part more hurteth him that offers it, than him against whom it is intended : *It oft ruins a Man before he has perfected it.*

IX. When *Cleomines* had said in the presence of *Aristides*, that a man must do good to his Friends, and hurt to his Foes ; he turned the words, saying, a man must benefit his Friends, and seek to be reconciled with his Enemies.

Greater

Greater by far is the pleasure of forgiving Injuries, than revenging them when it is in our power: for the Man that rendreth Good for Evil, is like unto God. Julius Cesar spared M. Marcellus his mortal Enemy; and set at liberty Petreius, who was one of the Cheif that opposed him. He received into Favour Cato's Son, whose Father was his unchangeable Adversary. He Pardoned Ligarius at the suit of his Friends: He spared also Cicero, and freely forgave all other Princes that were in the Battel of Pharsalia. He set up the Images of Pompey, and shewed himself so generous and merciful, that Cicero both before and after his death affirmed, he deserved better in point of Clemency than Pompey.

Pompey. How Nobly did *Adrian* mitigate his Passion; for being made Emperour, and meeting his Enemy, he said, *Thou hast escaped*: declaring that as before he wanted Power to be Revenged, so when he had it, he wanted Will.

X. 'Tis also to be considered there is nothing that more strengtheneth Authority, than to forgive and pass by Injuries. And therefore *Pelercus* the *Lacedemonian* complaining to his Brother, he was not so well beloved amongst the Citizens as he was; he answered him, saying, the reason hereof is, *Thou canst not suffer Injuries*. 'Tis likewise to be remembred that, all those that aspire to Greatness, do ever wink
at

at many Wrongs. Altho' Alexander the Great knew the Athenians hatred, and how zealously they Warred against him under *Darius*, yet he endeavoured not to be Revenged of them ; which greatness of Mind *Darius* and others understanding , they of Foes, became his Faithful Subjects and Friends. Whereas had he given way to Passion, all the Flower of the Grecian Youth , yea, and all *India*, had set themselves against him ; which would certainly have put a stop to his Projects. *Pirrhus* the Famous Captain took not the same course, for he yielding to his Fury, made his designs Abortive, and died in Misery.

XI. When *Julius Cesar* was a
private

private man, he was much abused by *Cajus Calvus*, and *Catullus*; yet when he came to be Emperour, he Wrote first unto *Calvus*, and Pardoned *Catullus*. Who was a greater Enemy to him than *Clodius*, who it was thought made him a Cuckold; yet when he was apprehended, he would not only not Condemn him, but saved him also from being Perjur'd: whereas *Marinus* did otherwise, for he thirsting after the Blood of his Enemies, was not only in the prosecution of his Revenge destroyed by them, but likewise his whole Family. When *Fabius* was constrained by the People, contrary to all Right, to admit of *Minutius* to be his Master of Horse, and Equal, and in the Army,

Army, (who did several things contrary to *Fabius* his Desires and his own Honour,) yet did the former forget all Animosities, Joyned with him against *Hannibal*, and saved him from exceeding great danger; which wrought so upon *Minutius*, that he confessed before all the People his unworthiness to Govern, and desired *Fabius* to take upon him the Conduct of the whole Army.

XII. *Cicero* followed not this Example, when with cruel Invectives he persecuted *Clodius*, but for his pains, was himself Bannished.

XIII. We disdain the injuries done us by bruit Beasts, but revenge the wrongs offered by our Fellow-Creatures. We also patiently

tiently endure the injuries which Time do's us, and yet cannot bear the wrongs offered by Men; whereas we have greater reason to bear with the former, because Man is our Companion in Life, and many times tho' we do not observe it, provoked by us.

XIV. What a Noble Act was that of *Lucius Murena*, who threw his Gown over *Cato* and saved him from Death, who a little before had accused him. *Publius Pulcher* being by the three *Len-tuli* charged with Incest, did notwithstanding save one of them from eminent Danger. The King *Archelaus*, when upon a time one threw Water upon him, and being persuaded by them about him to inflict a grievous Punishment

upon him that did it, answered, I know he did not intend to cast it upon me, but some body else. A Servant of Antius Restio's being long kept in Prison by his Masters command, and often burnt with hot Irons, not only followed his Master in a day of Triumph, but also rescued him from imminent Danger. *There is no surer way to Honour, Safety. and Quiet, than to contemn Injuries.*

Alas the Dog be of far less use than the Ox or Horse, yet is he more beloved of his Master, because he patiently suffers from him all kinds of wrong : if you strike them, they Fawn ; if you drive them away, they return ; if you chide, they flatter. And shall not we Men bear Injuries upon

upon a better account; be patient a while and thou shalt see thy wrongs revenged by Nature, by Chance, or by some other means; and he that with such perplexity and hazard of thy self thou soughtest to harm, shall without any danger on thy part be destroy'd. For the Lives of all such as are disturbers of publick Peace, are usually of short continuance.

XV. But that which most troubles Men is the injury they receive from their Wives; a grievous misfortune 'tis true, but very common. Pompey put away his Wife for Adultery, and Cesar likewise his. The consideration of which great Peoples mishap, may serve to mitigate the sourness of thine. *Septimius Severus,*
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and

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and

and *Marcus Aurel. Antoninus* had also dishonest Wives, which did not at all diminish their Authority among the People, or hinder them from living Vertuously.

XVI. For in reference to this matter, the fault lying in others, the dishonour and infamy cannot redound to thee. A Citizen of *Sparta* finding a Man in Bed with his ill-favour'd Wife, cryed out, *Alas unhappy Man, what necessity has drove thee to commit this wicked deed.* *Salethus* Prince of *Crotone* made a Law that Adulterers should be burnt alive; yet when afterward himself was taken defiling his Brother's Wife, he made such an ingenuous Oration, that the People were content to punish

nish his offence only with Banishment: yet being sensible of the greatness of his fault, he cast himself into the Fire and dyed. Whereby we see he desired not Pardon, (tho' his words seemed to require it,) but rather sought to shew, that no offence could be so great but might deserve it.

CHAP. III.

Of Imprisonment.

BUT we have said enough of Injuries, Speak we now of Imprisonment, which seemeth the chief of all other Calamities: For in a Prison is darkness, filthiness, solitariness, fetters, and all

other kind of Miseries. But pray what is this life, but an imprisonment of a Man's mind, much worse than that of the Body. This would never seem any great Calamity to me, which so many excellent Men have (as it were) desired. *Demosthenes* to the end he might be forced to keep the House, cut off one side of his Beard.

A solitary life do's greatly advance Contemplation, whereas Company hinders it. What place so fit for Study, as that where there is quietness. *Boetius* wrote nothing better than what he wrote in Prison. Did not *Diogenes* lurk a long time within a Tub? *Democritus* separated himself a great while from all Company, and

volun-

voluntarily chose remote corners;
for the conveniency of Know-
ledge. *Plato* tells us that *Anaxa-
goras* while he remained in Pri-
son, wrote his Book *de Circuli
Quadratura*. To whom could
Imprisonment be more grievous
than to *Socrates*, when it was to
end in Death: yet did he sleep
quietly, studied Philosophy, and
wrote Verses. *St. Paul* also sent
the greatest part of his divine
Epistles from Prison.

CHAP. IV.

Of Servitude.

Servitude ought patiently to
be born, seeing Nature has
not more liberally bestowed her

gifts on the Master, than the Servant: they are equally Wise, Beautiful, and Healthful.

As to Contentment, it is the Servant's fault if in this particular he do's not outstrip his Master; for he has only one to serve, for which he has Meat, Drink, Apparel, and all other necessities; Whereas a Master has not only himself to take care of, but also all others. *Every Loss is a hinderance to the Master, but none to the Servant.*

We are all Servants to one common Master, namely God Almighty, and shall be equally rewarded by him. What are Princes Favourites but Servants, tied to him by Ambitious hopes? Servitude can be no hinderance

to vertuous and honourable. Actions: for Plato, Xenocrates, Calcedonius, Diogenes, Phædrus, Epictetus, and Æsop, were sometime Such.

CHAP. V.

Of Sicknesse.

I. **W**Hen Sicknesse is come upon thee, consider that even this condition is not without its advantages; for hereby thou learnest thy self, that is to say, what a weak, poor and silly Creature thou art, who in health art ready to say with him in the Psalms, *trust, I shall never be moved.*

II. Now if thy Pains be moderate, they may be the more easily born; if extreme, they cannot last long. Sicknes is as necessary as Food or Rayment, or any other of the things of this Life, which we cannot be without : 'Tis like Sawce, making us relish the benefits of health. As to the Pains and irksomeness thereof, they are not comparable to what Women endure in Child-birth ; for neither Stone, nor Gout, nor Cholick, are like them : and yet do they soon forget 'um.

III. *Possidonius* the Philosopher being extremely Sick, said unto one that came to visit him, That the greatness of Pain should never make him confess Sicknes to be an Evil. For that which is without

without us cannot hurt us. If
bodily pains do not conquer our
Minds, they do us no harm. I
remember when *Antonius Cribelinus*
was condemned to be Torn
in pieces, in preparing himself to
be Executed, he said, *There was*
no Torment could make him disco-
ver his Accomplices, altho' he ac-
knowledged he had such. *Pom-*
peius shewed by holding his
Finger to the Candle in sight
of the King, that there was no
hopes of wresting any thing from
him.

IV. *Quintilia* a little Woman
being suspected to be of the Con-
spiracy against *Caligula*, and Rack-
ed with great torment, confessed
nothing, and was therefore set at
liberty as Innocent. What should I
speak

Speak of *St. Barbara*, with divers others, the number of which is incredible, and their Constancy so marvellous, as they seemed not only patiently to have suffered Torments, but also to have wished for them.

V. *The end of all Grief, either by Death or Recovery, becomes pleasant.* 'Tis also to be considered, that all such as suffer great Torments, being persuaded of the Immortality of the Soul, ought therefore (were there no other reason) to be comforted. *It is too much to punish both Body and Mind at one time.*

VI. In short, Sicknes puts us in mind of another life, it renders us sober and thoughtful, and capable of hearkning to that good counsel,

counsel, which when in Health we could not abide. Were it not for Sicknes a Man would become more hard-hearted than a Tyger, and more cruel than a Lions.

CHAP VI.

Of general Calamities.

LET us consider whether in common Miseries, we ought to lament? as in times of Pestilence, Famine, and destruction of Countries; which being General, make Men suffer them with less impatience: For nothing seems dishonorable that is common. But you'll say our Country is falling into Ruine, and

and therein our Friends, Relations, and Estates: be it so. But dost thou account only those thy Neighbours, that inhabit thy Country? Surely we are all descended from one Line, and if we look back to our great Grandfathers, our Affinity is the same. And as to the losing of our Estates, perhaps they are but our hinderances to Vertue. *There is nothing in this World can hurt any man but Vice.* I am he, says Diogenes, upon whom all misfortunes are fallen; I have no House, no Town, a Banished Man, a Vagabond and Beggar. But he had a great Mind, which he thought of far more value.

II. Man's condition is like to a Garment, which the more rich
and

and beautiful it is, the more do's
a Spot fully it. 'Tis also to be re-
membred that no Man is miser-
able all his life-time, for Sleep
causeth forgetfulness of Sorrow,
and is as pleasant to those in Af-
fliction, as those that live at ease.
Likewise the delights of our Sen-
ses, be to all men the same, as
Taste, Sight, Hearing and Smel-
ling: So that all things which be
delightful do not fail a Man at
the same instant.

Were all Mortals asleep at the
same time, then would none of
them be more happy than his
fellows. But we are certain not
only all of us to sleep, but to
dye, and how soon, is to us un-
known. Being once entred into
the World, we are to expect, and
be

be prepared against all Chances ;
but not dismayed at the thoughts
of any, seeing there is none of
them that can be truly said to be
against us. And therefore Homer
feign'd *Aten* the Goddess of Ca-
lamities to be bare Footed, as
one that could not touch any
thing sharp or hard, but walk'd
lightly over the heads of Men :
Meaning that Adversity dared not
come near any but mean-spirited
People. Wherefore lift up thine
Eyes towards Heaven, where an
everlasting Rest is prepared for
thee.

IV. Men in this world are like
Trees, some slender, some great,
some flourishing, some bearing
Fruit, some withering, some
growing, some blown down, and
some

some fruitful, which in one Har-
vest are brought together and
laid upon one Stack. Neither is
there afterwards any difference
seen amongst them, all being cut
down, never more to grow a-
gain. So all Pride, Ambition,
Riches, Authority, Children,
Friends, and Glory, do in short
space grow old, and Perish: Nei-
ther will it signifie any thing whe-
ther thou wert *Irus*, or *Galba*, or
Artaxerxes, or Noble *Hercules*.
Only Vertue and Honesty can
make a Man happy: only a guil-
ty Conscience can make him mi-
ferable. *The worst that good Men*
can fear, is the best that Evil can
wish for, which is the destruction of
the Soul in Death. But God has
given us a sufficient proof of our
Immor-

Of Consolation. Book III

Immortality, by raising up his Son from the Dead. Were it not for this hope, our Lives would not be worth our care: So fluctuating and foolish a thing is Life. But our Creator has put us into this World in order to our translation to a better; and secretly observes how we acquit our selves towards our Senses, how we resist the torrent of bad Examples, and what daily progress we make towards the Heavenly Canaan, which is our native Country; for here we are but Pilgrims and Strangers.



FINIS.



